

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 61.—No. 44.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1883.

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SATURDAY CONCERT AT CRYSTAL PALACE, THIS DAY,
November 3rd, at Three o'clock. In Memoriam: MENDELSSOHN, died November 4th, 1847. Programme will include: Symphony, "Italian" (Mendelssohn); Violin Concerto (Mendelssohn); Fandango for violin (Molique); Ballad, "The First Walpurgis Night" (Mendelssohn). Vocalists—Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr Charles Chilley, Mr Santley. Crystal Palace Choir. Violin—Mr Carrodus. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Seats, 2s. 6d., 1s., and 6d.

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Overture, *Die Meistersinger* Wagner
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"THE RIGHT WAY TO GO."

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"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

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MR SINCLAIR DUNN (R.A.M.) will sing "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" and WELLINGTON GUERNSEY's Arrangement of the famous Irish Melody (Bonny Portmore), "DEAR LAND OF MY FATHERS," at the Tower Hill Concert, on Nov. 12th, in aid of the Schools of Great Prescott Street, E.

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MDME C. REEVES will sing BALFE'S "KILLARNEY" and WELLINGTON GUERNSEY's popular Song, "OH BUY MY FLOWERS," on Thursday next, at Stratford Town Hall.

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MISS M. MOREWOOD (R.A.M.) and Mr ROBERT GEORGE (R.A.M.) will sing HENRY SMART's Duet, "WHEN THE WIND BLOWS IN FROM THE SEA," at Chelsea, on Tuesday evening next, Nov. 6th.

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Royal Academy of Music.

SIR GEORGE MACFARREN'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.*
(1883-4—62nd year.)

At the re-opening of the Academy, Saturday, September 29, 1883, the Principal (Professor Sir G. A. Macfarren) delivered his annual address; he had been suffering from severe hoarseness, and fears were entertained that he would be unable to fulfil his customary task, but fortunately he became somewhat better. There was a large attendance of the pupils, and the following members of the professorial staff were present:—Messrs H. C. Bannister, C. Steggall (Mus. D., Cantab), F. R. Cox, E. Fiori, Manuel Garcia, M.D. (Hon.), P. Goldberg, Edwin Holland, A. Randegger, William Shakespeare F. Walker, H. R. Evers, Eaton Fanning, F. B. Jewson, S. Kemp, Walter Macfarren, Arthur O'Leary, Brinley Richards, Harold Thomas, Thomas Wingham, John Thomas, and A. Burnett. Miss Mary Davies, Mr Charles Sparrow (a Director), and Mr John Gill (Secretary) were also present.

Professor Macfarren, who was warmly received, said:—My dear friends, let me receive this kind greeting as an assurance of the hard work that is to prove your good will for music, your interest in the Academy, and your kind regard for me. I greet you on the dawn of the sixty-second year of the operations of our dear old Academy—old because of its length of days and of its accumulation of honours through the success of those musicians who have passed from our doors into the world at large—dear, because of the hopes that have been fulfilled, the anxieties that have been felt, and the affections that have been formed in the Academy; for here, remember, by the experience of many and many a day, we have proved the place to be a harvest field of friendship. It is one of the greatest prerogatives of the students of this Academy that they form here, in generous rivalry with their compeers, intimacies which last them throughout the course of life, and which make what would be among strangers a contest of warfare, instead, a tournament of regard and love.

I greet you, Professors, on the return to your labours. To speak of your duty must not be to admonish you to regard it. The past has fully proved the infinite interest which you entertain in the task you undertake; but I would speak of your duties in the conviction that I may impress your pupils with a sense of the important relations that stand between you and them. The master who only explains technicalities ceases at the very threshold of his connection with his pupil, for the person who undertakes to train an artist has many a requirement far beyond the musical part of his task. The Professor does in a large sense influence the moral character of the pupil, and by the zeal, with which he pursues his portion of the business which is between the two, does he infuse a like zeal into the pupil, who, by such an example, gains the power to exert the best qualities, and the power, first of all, to respect, then to love, and then to honour, in the work produced, the example, and the influence, and the technicalities of the teacher.

I greet you, Pupils of some years' standing, on your resumption of labours which have been thus far pursued. I will encourage those who have had success to pursue their course of diligence—to feel that success must not be construed as a flattery, must not be accepted as a testimony of completion, but you must consider that you have established a dangerous rivalry of your own ability. You will be judged in future by your past performance—not that you come up to the standard of others, but that you surpass the standard of your own achievements. Another important duty rests upon you—to set an example to the new comers, and to teach them how to love their work, how to profit by it, and how to emulate your predecessors in rendering honour to the establishment to which you belong. You also of some long standing among us who have been less fortunate in your progress, let me urge you most anxiously to be not thereby discouraged. Many and many a person who has in the long course of life attained to the highest honour has had the greatest difficulty at the outset; and if from a multiplicity of causes you have not as yet accomplished all that you desire, all that your friends at home, all that your teachers here wish from you, suppose not for an instant that that is a sign of your inability to succeed, but let it stimulate you to greater efforts. Remember, the object of coming to this Academy is to acquire musicianship—not solely to gain a place upon the prize list. There is a higher prize than can be granted by an Examining Board. There is a higher Board than sits here at our annual examinations. There is the prize of public esteem, and the world at large is the Board that will examine us all, and we must prepare for fitness to meet the tribunal.

I greet you new comers among us. I assure you that you will find the seeds of friendship already planted, and it is only for you to meet the welcome which will be accorded you on all sides to ensure

* From the accredited manuscript supervised by the speaker.

you a happy career; but happiness will be in your own striving, in your own sense of dutiful application to the lessons taught you, and I give you to hope for such success as your predecessors have obtained here.

Let us, for an instant, consider what is the mind wherewith we have to work. It is as the ocean, in some places fathomless, in some shallow; but always with a surface which, though it may be ruffled by passion, reflects the objects which surround it—the light of the heavens, the landscape of the shore. Such are the influences that are brought to bear upon all who pursue Art as the business, as the love, as the occupation of their lives. They open themselves to those reflections and prepare themselves to repeat the influences they receive. Instruction may be compared with the sun, whose warmth exhales the water of this ocean—the mind—into clouds; whose light is reflected on these clouds, which may be likened to mental productions, and they are to the world of men as the sun-tinted clouds that adorn the landscape, that beautify the heaven itself. These clouds dissolve in rain, they fall on the earth, they nourish its flowers, they give vitality to its every offspring; and such is the refining power of the works of Art, in its bearing on our mental and moral nature. Lastly, the evaporated and condensed waters are gathered in the rivers, the streams of human thought, which, infused with the matter and impregnated with the influences through which they have been filtered, flow again into the ocean, whence again to rise and shine, and fall and flow for ever.

Of late I have heard attention called to the classification of schools of music, and the probability of forming a school, and the elements necessary to this end. It is as curious as it is interesting to note in musical history how one school has melted into another, and that the most striking peculiarities of one school, or one nationality, have been the product of external influences. In the earliest days of musical art England held high supremacy, both in technical acquirement and in mental facility, and the early productions of English masters certainly stand on a high level, if not the foremost level, of the musical history of their time. It was at the dawn of the sixteenth century that music in Flanders began to gain pre-eminence. The Flemings and several Englishmen went to Rome, and it is from their teachings that the very famous Roman school took its rise. Flemings at the same time went to Naples and to Venice, and established there conservatories. Now, the early Italian school ranks at the very summit of general judgment, but yet we find that it took its rise from another nationality. Having risen, the so-called Roman school diffused its characteristics abroad. The most scrupulous and exacting analysts of the music of Bach trace all his principle of form to the influence of his study of Italian music; and these Italian models have been the groundwork of plan in the works of all greatest masters.

Now-a-days we perceive some distinction between German and Italian, between both and French music; that a more grave feeling is endeavoured to be expressed by the German muse through the complicated means which are not for the most part employed by Italian masters; but when we retrace the course of centuries we find that the greatest of all complications of part-writing and contrapuntal contrivances existed in the Italian school. It is more the province of Italian music to leave to the impulse of the executant the unfolding of musical expression, whereas with the German writers expression is more concentrated in the music itself. Hence the different task of the executant, when his pliable talent befits itself to either of those styles. His own imagination has almost unrestricted range in the music of Italy; in the music of Germany he has the severer and not less honourable duty of moulding his powers in the matrix of another's creation, and, under restraint on all sides, to move with an air of freedom, drawing life from that which he animates. The French style of music is marked by a strong peculiarity and variety of rhythm, let us not say founded on the national love of dancing, but certainly not apart from it in its effect. Let us again note that music in France took its rise from the influence of the Italian Lulli, who went as a boy to France to become the founder of the French school. His birthplace was foreign, his art influence must have been of Florence. Not only in that very outset of the French musical school, but prominent in the history of French music, have been the notable Italians, Paër, Cherubini, and Rossini. It would seem that climate and surrounding national influences affect style, because all these masters show marked modifications of style in the progress of their careers while they dwelt and worked in France. The music of Rossini written in France differs widely in character from the writing of the same master before he made that land his residence, and the like may be traced with others.

Our English school ranked highly of old. It has been the custom to ascribe to the influence of the Puritans in England the decadence of the art among us; but, from all I can trace of history, that is a

false view. Thus, it never stood higher here than during the period of the Commonwealth. Many circumstances may be quoted to show that the action of the Puritans had an impulsive effect upon those who entertained different views upon the serious grounds of religion, and induced them to stronger effort for the maintenance of those qualities of beauty which their views allowed them to enjoy. It was at the close of the Commonwealth period that Purcell rose upon musical history, who is as much an honour to our land as to our art, and is as great a subject of pride to any musician as is any man who has laboured in the cause of music. Truly, it was the accession of the House of Hanover and the large influx of foreigners who constituted the Court of those first Hanoverian kings that induced a tangent in the course of our musical history. It is to be hoped that this eccentricity of orbit has now taken a direct turn, and that music is regaining its ancient eminence in public esteem and in general study.

A school of music, for the most part, is built upon the peculiarities, the characteristic efforts of one individual, which become the subject of emulation, of imitation—not in copying, perhaps, but in avoiding what he has done. Then let us hope that with the advancing tide of musical education some English genius may arise who may establish the basis of a school that is to render our country as notable in the future as it was in the past.

(To be continued.)

MR SIMS REEVES AND MR SANTLEY AT THE COVENT GARDEN CONCERTS.

The first appearance of Mr Sims Reeves and Mr Santley on Monday evening was the event of the present season of Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden Theatre. The management had taken the precaution of increasing the prices of admission, yet when the doors opened, one hour before the advertised time for beginning, such an immense crowd had gathered in Bow Street that it was evident many would have to go away disappointed of their evening's amusement. Even so vast a building as that of Covent Garden has limits. Very soon after the first onslaught on the booking-offices every part of the theatre had to be closed against all comers, not excepting the promenade, which, unlike any part of a regular theatre where each person in the audience has a well-defined seat, is capable of accommodating an indefinite number. Inside the building was a scene of enthusiasm such as is seldom seen within the walls of a playhouse. From floor to ceiling every seat and nook was filled, and in the promenade it would be scarcely any exaggeration to compare the audience to the proverbial herrings in a barrel. Mr Santley was the first to appear, and he was heartily applauded as he stepped forward to sing the couplet "Au bruit des lourds Marteaux," from the *Philemon et Baucis* of Gounod, and the enthusiasm reached its height on the appearance of Mr Sims Reeves. Mr Reeves had nothing new to offer to his audience, but his best-known songs have apparently an inexhaustible power of pleasing. "Good-bye, sweetheart," sung with all his old vigour and matchless power of expression, was received with cheers and hoarse shouts of delight, which rendered it impossible for him not to accept an encore, and was accordingly followed by the perennially popular ballad, "My Pretty Jane." In conjunction with Mr Santley, Mr Sims Reeves then sang in the duet of "All's Well" with no less success. In the second part he was announced for "Tom Bowling," but substituted in its place the "Bay of Biscay," which was received with such tumultuous applause that he was compelled to sing "Tom Bowling" after all, not, however, without claiming indulgence on account of the very trying character of that fine ballad. The programme included, besides the "Vicar of Bray," sung by Mr Santley, some vocal music by Mme Lemmens-Sherrington and Miss Damian, and a good selection of instrumental music performed by the excellent orchestra directed by Mr Gwyllym Crowe.

On Wednesday evening the "Classical part" of the programme consisted of the Overture to *Leonora* (Beethoven); "Danse des Bacchantes," from *Philemon et Baucis* (Gounod); "Love sounds the alarm," from *Acis and Galatea* (Handel); the Barcarolle and Final Movement from Sterndale Bennett's Fourth Pianoforte Concerto;

the "Rigaudon de Dardanus" (Rameau); a Romanza for violin (Svendson); the Scena "Roberto, o tu che adoro," from *Roberto il Diavolo* (Meyerbeer); and the two Movements from Schubert's unfinished Symphony. The singers were Mr Harper Kearton and Miss Anna Williams. The violinist was Mr Carrodus, and the pianist Miss Clara Fisher, who deserves special praise for her sympathetic delivery of the Barcarolle and her brilliant execution of the Presto of Sterndale Bennett's beautiful composition. Mr Carrodus's performance of the violin Romanza was perfect. Mr Gwyllym Crowe conducted carefully and discreetly. The artists were severally "called" after their performances, and the house, as usual, was crowded.

SONG WRITERS AND THEIR FEES.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—"Phosphor's" rejoinder to my letter of Oct. 12th, in the *Musical World*, anent "Song Writers and their Fees," scarcely clears up the subject. I do not deny the statement that he was told, by word of mouth, and by the composers themselves, what a paltry sum they got for their works, but I must state that "facts are stubborn things." I need only say that the acknowledgment of the monies received by those composers on the delivery of their manuscripts are in existence, and in the hands of their publishers. Is it credible that such sharp worldly men as Mr F. N. Crouch, Mr George Barker, Mr Charles Glover, or Mr Charles Horn, would assign work or sign receipts for money if they had not received it? Can it be denied that Mr F. N. Crouch got fairly well remunerated for his songs? Out of his two sets of imitative Irish songs—with the exception of "Kathleen Mavourneen" and "Dermot Asthore"—the publishers told me they never sold as many copies as would pay for the engraving of the plates. I have myself two dozen manuscript songs I purchased at D'Almaine & Co.'s sale, written by Crouch, which, if I offered to any music publishers, they would scarcely give the price of the paper they are written on for the copyright. After the dissolution of the Harmonic Institute, in which Mr Charles Horn had an interest, the business was sold and handed over to Cramer & Co. Mr Frederick Beale paid him handsomely for his copyrights, including "Child of Earth," the still popular "I know a bank," "I've been roaming," "Through the wood," &c., &c. Mr Beale also purchased songs which had previously been published in the United States, viz., "The Deep, Deep Sea," "The Mermaid's Cave," "There's Beauty in the Deep," and others which were then non-copyright in England, the law not being then so well understood as now. As Mr F. Beale paid him for these songs under such insecure conditions, he had very little to complain of. Mr Charles Horn wrote many pianoforte arrangements; but does "Phosphor" think he wrote or arranged for nothing?

Receipts are still to be seen for the copyright of "Jeanette and Jeanot," Mr George Barker for his "White Squall," "The Rose of Cashmere," "Mary Blane," "The Irish Emigrant," and other effusions which were and are popular to this day, was recompensed most liberally, as I can fully testify. Dr W. J. Westbrook, another correspondent, states he heard, a quarter of a century ago, from Mr Z. T. Purday, that which qualifies my assertions. I should advise your readers to take such statements *cum grano salis*. It is not my business to defend music publishers, who no doubt have many sins to answer for, but it should be remembered that if one thing makes a hit with the public, the success is blazoned forth, and it is said that enormous sums have been realized out of the brains of poor authors, whilst failures are unmentioned. Phosphor intimates that publishers should know music as carpenters know wood. But is there not an unknown quantity? Is not the taste of the public a factor in any success? And who can guess this? Can the trader? Can the author? Neither the one nor the other. Yet if either can be credited with the success, it certainly is the much abused publisher who first buys and then "pushes" the article.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

Anton Rubinstein was to give a concert on the 30th ult. in Frankfort-on-the-Maine, with a completely new programme, comprising, in addition to acknowledged classical works, specimens of the best Russian composers, such as Tchaikowsky, Lindoff, &c.

BAD ELSTER, (SAXONY).—The Hilfs, a family of musicians, celebrated a rather uncommon event on the 2nd inst.: the hundredth birthday of Hilf, their head, and formerly member of the town orchestra. How hale and hearty the old gentleman still is, may be gathered from the fact that he still plays in the Public Band under the direction of his son.

DAVID'S DÉBUT.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

THE MUSIC TEACHER.

Thus David was in a measure devoted to business—devoted, that is, by circumstances. His father, however, was faithful to his promise, and selected a music teacher of considerable repute. He lived in Derwentwater Terrace, a long row of three-storeyed houses, each the *fac-simile* of the other, stretching like a line of architectural cliffs, and ending in a large brick and lime promontory, called "Napoli House." This was the residence of "Signor Comprachio, Professor of Music," towards which David might one forenoon have been seen making his way. He was now a lad of seventeen, with all the world before him, bright and accessible. At that age everything reflects the sunshine of healthy animal spirits. Affections, aspirations, and beliefs are all comparatively pure, free from those gross earthly sediments which sometimes precipitate themselves in after-life. On the other hand, youth is frequently afflicted with vanity, which is not, however, disagreeable to the possessor unless the failing is thwarted or attacked. David at this moment had only one uncomfortable feeling—that of awe for the Professor—and the nervousness which this generated increased in proportion as he drew near the fateful mansion. He knocked at the door with considerable trepidation, and was at once ushered into the presence of Signor Comprachio.

David found himself in a spacious and lofty apartment, the walls covered with a warm red paper. Portraits of famous musicians and lithographs of scenes from favourite operas met the eye. The air was impregnated with the odour of cigars. In the centre of the floor stood a grand piano, covered with a litter of music. At the instrument was seated the great Professor. Outwardly he seemed about fifty years of age, in reality he was over sixty. As the ostrich hides its head in the sand to escape the pursuer, so Signor Comprachio hid his head in the dye-pot to elude Father Time. His teeth, like rats forsaking a sinking ship, had left him; but dental art had been invoked. His cheeks bore a slight suspicion of rouge. By these means the Signor had pretty successfully turned back life's dial-hands. His very manner seemed to be dyed, so jauntily did he bear himself. His speech, however, slightly betrayed his age; it is somewhat difficult to dye the voice. Signor Comprachio thus disguised himself as a matter of business. Few people would have paid five guineas a quarter for vocal tuition to a grey-headed, toothless Professor. At the age of fourteen he had sung as an operatic chorister in Milan, and ten years afterwards made his first appearance in London as a *tenore robusto*, in the "palmy days" of the lyric stage, when a drama interspersed with ballads was called an opera. Signor Comprachio met with fair success; not enough, however, to secure a firm standing on the boards. For some years he sang at concerts in the metropolis and in the provinces, and latterly found he could make more money as a teacher of music. His long residence in England had given him a thorough knowledge of the language, though his Italian extraction occasionally showed itself in his accent.

The Signor, pausing in the middle of some off-hand *selfeggi*, rose from the piano and greeted David with effusion.

"Ah, there you are! good morning! Well, well, you're prepared to make a start with me then? Brought some music with you, I see."

David, opening his roll, handed it to the Professor.

"Very good, very good. 'Come into the Garden, Maud.' Yes, yes. 'The Pilgrim of Love'; 'Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee.' I see, I see. You're a light tenor, then—what is often called a silver-toned tenor; is it not so?"

The lad answered, "Yes," wondering by what sorcery the Signor could tell a voice without having heard it.

"Well now, we'll try you with a few scales."

Poor David was dragged chromatically up the piano, the octave raised each time by a half tone, commencing at C and ending at A. This lasted for about a quarter of an hour. Then the scales were repeated, this time to bring out the various vowel sounds in singing—"Ah! ay! ee! i! oh! oo!" Then up the scale climbed the unhappy David, shouting out what he thought ludicrous and absurd syllables—"Bah-ah-ah! Day-ay-ay! Fee-ee-ee! Fi-ie-ie! Go-o-o! Soo-oo-oo!" The wretched novice wondered when the lessons were to commence; but brightened up when Signor Comprachio asked him to sing over the song he liked best. David selected the well-known lyric from *Maud*, and began it with an inward soliloquy—"Now the old fellow will hear something good."

"Hum!" remarked Signor Comprachio at the close, half turning to David, "you've a good deal to learn, young man. Intonation bad, enunciation only so-so, breathing unsystematic, and production chokey—yes, decidedly throaty; but we'll put you all right in time."

Then the Professor, *pour encourager l'autre*, sang the last verse, with some depth of feeling and greater breadth. David, deaf to the instructive side of the performance, noted only that Signor Comprachio could not take the high notes, and thought him as good (or as bad) as an impostor. Time had dealt kindly with the Professor's middle voice, but had made some inroads on his extreme register.

The hour allotted to the lesson had now more than expired. Another pupil was announced, and David left—rather dissatisfied, we must confess. A strange physiological phenomenon had occurred to him. When he entered Napoli House, his heart was in his mouth; when he departed, his heart was in his boots. When vanity is shaken or destroyed, one has taken an educational step. It is well, at the same time, when self-conceit is defunct, that its legitimate cousin, self-confidence, should reign in its stead.

"Well, my boy, how have you got on?" asked Mr Johnson on his son's return. "Is Signor Comprachio a good teacher?"

"I think him a make-believe, at least when he sings."

"Ah, of course he would sing to let you hear expression and phrasing, and all that. Pick up anything, eh?"

"He dodges the high notes when he sings. I know that at any rate."

"Good gracious," exclaimed his father, "the high notes are nothing, absolutely nothing, to what a man can teach you of style. Even if the Signor has lost his high notes, you might as well condemn a good picture because it's a little frayed at the top. Open your ears at next lesson, and remember that half-a-minute of style is worth half-an-hour of high notes."

Three days later David went back to Napoli House, determined to profit by the Signor's samples of singing, especially in the matter of phrasing.

"This morning, my friend," remarked the Professor, "we'll commence with learning how to breathe—an important matter! Many, many singers have lived and died without knowing how to take their breath. Stand up straight, throw back your shoulders—so—fill your lungs fully—that's right!"

David was made to sing an octave to the broad vowel-sound "Ah," dwelling as long as possible on each note, and swelling and diminishing it. More than once his face turned purple with exertion.

"Ah! tut, tut, tut!" ejaculated the Signor, "you're changing the vowel. Just now you sang Ah-a-a-aw-aw-oo! That won't do, you know. Throw the voice well forward, free and candid, and don't move your lips about—no, no, no! Don't grin; keep the mouth natural—Ah-a-a! Now, try again!"

The perplexed pupil repeated the task, but Signor Comprachio suddenly rose and dragged him before a mirror. "Look in there and sing. Your lips just now were pursed up like a penny trumpet!" The slow, toilsome steps of the scale were again and again ascended, till David felt as fatigued as if he had been a hodman on a long ladder. The Professor noticed that his pupil was tired, and another phase of the lesson was entered upon.

"Now, about the placing of the voice. Let it strike frankly against the back of your upper teeth. The tone should be developed inside what I may call the muzzle—. Yes, yes, I know that the tone is originally produced in the throat; but when you hear a cornet played, you don't think the sound comes from the mouthpiece, but from the bell of the instrument. The vocal apparatus in the throat corresponds to the mouthpiece of the cornet, and your mouth is the bell—do you see?"

David saw, or said so, and attempted to "place" his voice, the Signor remarking the tone to be nasal.

"Keep clear of your nose! You can test whether you're producing the proper tone or not by pinching your nostrils with your thumb and forefinger—this way. If you sing correctly there will be no nasal sound."

David obeyed, and vocalised before the mirror, but presently, overcome by what he thought the absurdity of the situation, released his nose and burst out laughing. Signor Comprachio was annoyed.

"Come, come! business is business; there's a time to work and a time to play. I have my system, and you'll have to follow it out or go to some one else. There's nothing funny about me I assure you. Now commence all that over again."

David murmured an apology, pinched his nose once more, and went through the exercise with fair success. The Signor's feelings were not altogether soothed.

"That will be enough just now; we can't do much more good to-day. Be here on Saturday at eleven o'clock. Good morning."

The downcast youth went his way, mentally condemning his teacher as a "huffy old fogey," and, half-way home, muttered in what may be described as lugubrious hilarity, "Gas-fitting for ever!"

(To be continued.)

SCRAPS FROM PARIS.

All the theatres have been re-opened for some time after the recess, but nothing very particular has been done, though a great deal is said and written about what is going to be done. The two principal events at the Grand Opera have been the first appearance there of Mlle Isaac and that of M. Escalais. The lady, as all readers of the *Musical World* know, was formerly at the Opéra-Comique, where she was a great favourite. But she longed to figure on the stage of what Frenchmen call and fondly imagine to be "the first lyric theatre in the world." So she left her old manager, M. Carvalho, and appeared under M. Vaucorbeil's banner in the 201st performance of M. Ambroise Thomas' *Hamlet*, as Ophelia. Her success was undoubted. Though exceedingly nervous, she quite fulfilled the hopes of her friends. She was much applauded throughout the opera, but her greatest hits, perhaps, were in the trio of the third act, and, despite her very natural anxiety, the mad scene of the act following. For this last she was rewarded with long-continued marks of approbation and a re-call at the end of the act. Her subsequent appearances in the same character—which, by the way, she studied under M. Ambroise Thomas himself—more than confirmed the good opinions she had won on her first night. On the 19th ult. she followed up her first triumph by coming forward as the hapless heroine of Ch. Gounod's *Faust*, and, notwithstanding the comparisons to which she was, of course, subjected, emerged successfully from the ordeal. Her third character, according to report, will be that of the Queen in *Les Huguenots*. M. Escalais, M. Vaucorbeil's other recruit mentioned above, has equal cause to be satisfied. He hails from the Conservatory, where he was a pupil of MM. Bonnehée and Ohin, and where he carried off several prizes for opera, singing, and so on. In one respect Nature has been very kind to him, having gifted him with a splendid voice: but otherwise she has behaved in a very scurvy and step-motherly fashion, for he is short—very short—by no means an Apollo-Belvedere in shape, and far from an Adonis in face. But his voice evidently atones, in the opinion of the Parisians, for his rather serious personal shortcomings. He chose for his *début* the part of Arnold in *Guillaume Tell*, the same in which Duprez, also, made his first appearance at the Opera, then in the Rue Le Pelletier. M. Escalais quickly gained the sympathies of the audience, who found that, if the new comer was not already an accomplished artist, he had the makings of such a one about him, provided he chose still to work diligently in improving his undoubtedly fine organ. M. Vaucorbeil is so satisfied with M. Escalais that he has spontaneously doubled his salary.

At the Opéra-Comique the two strongest magnets are for the present Mlle Van Zandt and Mlle Nevada. The former young lady, as stated in the *Musical World* of last week, re-appeared as the heroine of M. Léo Delibes' opera of *Lakmé*, in which she gained such laurels previous to the closing of the theatre for the annual holidays. How popular both the artist and the work are may be gathered from the fact that the receipts on the *Lakmé* nights range from 8,800 to 9,000 francs. Mlle Nevada chose for her re-appearance *La Perle du Brésil*, in which she was as much applauded as ever. Her second part was that of Mignon, in M. Ambroise Thomas' opera of the same name. Both as actress and singer her success was undoubted in it.

THE MUSIC TO FALKA.

(From an article by the Critic of the "Daily Telegraph.")

After paying a courteous recognition to the merits of Mr Farnie's English version of the comic opera *Falka*, the critic of a contemporary daily thus sums up the claims of M. Chassaigne's music:—

"M. Chassaigne's music in *Falka* does not encourage hope of an original creator in the line which Offenbach, Lecocq, and their contemporaries seem to have pretty well exhausted. The French musician has struck out no new path in this his first conspicuous work, nor can we wonder thereat. Comic opera of the class to which *Falka* belongs has its exigencies, which no one can afford to ignore, since they are based upon a public demand that only in a remote sense can be termed artistic. He who writes for a musical audience may draw upon all the resources of his art, whereas composers of operas like *Falka* are limited to styles and devices that are, comparatively speaking, elementary. His available rhythms are few, to be safe he must keep nearly on a level with dance music, his treatment of

melody must be even more than the themes themselves, while at all times he is bound to keep in view the average musical ability of those by whom the stage of comic opera is trodden. Hampered on all sides by restrictions of this character, the composer finds himself working over ground already exhausted, and can only repeat, with the modifications due to his own individuality, what others have said before him. M. Chassaigne's music, therefore, does not charm by its novelty, but the fact is far from implying an absence of agreeable qualities. The composer of *Falka* has a very pleasant fancy, and an engaging utterance. He can make a tune—many tunes, in point of fact, with ample diversity of style and expression—and he can dress up his melodies tastefully. Not a few numbers in this opera are elegantly scored, showing on every page the hand of a musician competent to work in a higher sphere of art. It would serve little purpose to speak of those numbers in detail. Enough that their effect last night was irresistible, and that applause was fairly divided between the music and its often clever rendering."

With regard to the performance the same critic observes:—

"*Falka* is put upon the stage with all the advantages of good taste and liberal expenditure. The dresses, indeed, are almost chargeable with lavishness of outlay, while every detail shows the action of a management resolved not to lose a point in the game of which public approval is at stake. The result, aided by rapid action entailing constant change, is complete satisfaction for the sense of sight. Most of the characters are sustained by artists whose ability is well and widely known. We need not, therefore, take pains to tell how admirably Miss Violet Cameron is fitted by a character like that of the heroine—a character which associates true womanliness with the recklessness of ill-regulated youth. Miss Cameron, who sings better and better, gives a good account of all her music, more especially of a clever romance, "At Evening," written by M. Chassaigne expressly for her use. She was well-nigh continuously applauded last night. The Bohemian girl has an accomplished representative in Miss Wadman, and Miss Louise Henschel plays a part of no great dramatic purport with an intelligence and effect that mark her out for better things. The overflowing humours of Mr Ashley as the Governor's nephew, the more delicate comedy of Mr Louis Kelleher as Falka's lover, and the sententious drollery of Mr Harry Paulton as the prudent military chief, are points upon which it would be easy to dilate. Enough, however, that they rank among the conspicuous merits of the representation. Excellent service is rendered by the holders of subordinate parts, while to Mr Van Biene and his capable orchestra much praise belongs of right. All this was recognized and acted upon last evening, the audience calling the principal performers after each act, and being otherwise lavish of approval."

The judgment in every sense is conclusive.

MDME GEORGINA BURNS AS "ESMERALDA."

"The part of the Gipsy in Mr Goring Thomas's opera was written for Mdmé Georgina Burns, and it would be difficult to conceive a more suitable exponent. Throughout the performance, as well as in the concerted music as in the solos, she won the undivided attention of the large assemblage whenever she appeared, either by her brilliant *bravura* singing, or the depth of expression, dignity and tenderness with which she rendered the more emotional passages; and her delineation of the Gipsy Queen was the very ideal of the character. The nerve and playful gaiety of spirit marking her delivery of the air in the first act "O fickle, light-hearted swallow," so captivated her hearers that they persisted in an encore, and, responding, she repeated it with still greater brilliancy; and in her duet with Mr Barton McGuckin, "Oft a noble captain," and the beautiful trio with Mr Leslie Crotty and Mr McGuckin at the close of the act, she so impressed the house that a recall was inevitable. Noticeable also was her piquant and sprightly singing in the duet in which she dismisses Gringoire in the third act; while the impassioned love duet with Phœbus in the third act, "Nay; if I be like a flower," the vocalisation of both Mdmé Georgina Burns and Mr McGuckin rose to the highest point of executive art, combined with sustained dramatic power. It was in this scene that Mdmé Georgina Burns, after the supposed murder of her lover, showed the refinement of her art in the calm dignity which was perfectly natural and more telling amidst the scene of excitement around her. The artists were again recalled, and the lady received an elegant bouquet from one of the private boxes. Her dignified bearing in the closing scene, where she turns with loathing on the vile offer of the monk, completed a performance which, while exacting for any singer, must have fully realized the composer's conception, while it proved the artist herself to be possessed of commanding lyrical power."—*Bristol Mercury & Daily Post*.

RICHTER CONCERTS—AUTUMN SEASON.

The enthusiastic greeting given to Herr Hans Richter on Monday evening, Oct. 29th, when appearing on the platform at St James's Hall to conduct the first of a series of three concerts, proved unmistakably that his popularity was not at present undergoing diminution. Indeed, the warmth of the reception substantiated the impression that London musical society, influenced, perhaps, as much by his manly presence and unaffected bearing as by his masterly expositions of works by the great German masters, had really accorded him a foremost place amongst its leaders. And applause from the orchestra, not always, by-the-by, quoted as the truest pattern of sincerity, was certainly on this occasion made in acknowledgment of the exceptional ability of the conductor. Performers, naturally, must be more conscious than the public of the remarkable qualities of a chief, whose memory is so unfailing as to leave him at all times free from any restraint or embarrassment when engaged in their direction. While professional men of all ranks and opinions grudge him not the deference that by right should be accorded one trained in all the observance of the Viennese school—a school which, early in this century, sent forth to the world works by Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, and Beethoven.

Three out of the five numbers of the programme were excerpts from Wagner's works, while Brahms' overture, *Die Akademische*, and Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony completed the list. The arrangement of these items looked at first somewhat injudicious and unfair, as the "Pastoral" was placed last; but the fear that Beethoven could, by any possibility, suffer, implied mistrust in his might. As it happened, however, the symphony never came at a more appropriate or more acceptable time. Indeed, one feels provoked on hearing any kind of reservation, much less excuse, made for this symphony. Some, forsooth, think they are doing service to the "giant" in tendering apologies for the "programme"-form adopted in the "Pastoral"! What, though in this instance the great master's example did pave the way for all manner of follies, is that any reason why depreciation of his work should be thought of? Beethoven, probably, knew better than any other writer the bounds beyond which imitation should not pass. He saw that music could, more readily than any other art, suggest many of the most obvious dynamic phenomena of nature, while, at the same time, he never so far erred as to deem it capable of expressing intelligibly the static condition of any material object. It was within the province of his art to supply an equivalent in sound for the zephyr's whisper or the tempest's roar; and it could in mimicry echo the pattering of rain-drops as well as the dashing of furious waves. But, on the other hand, he never, by precept or example, maintained that it had the power of affording the slightest hint of the outline or texture, the form or colour of any earthly thing. The great master, therefore, must not be placed in any connection, however remote, with those childish attempts at descriptive music which now often turn "the gay science" into ridicule. The symphony was played on Monday night with skill and power. The close imitations of natural sounds—the rippling brook, song of birds, and elemental strife—were rendered with rare fidelity, while the capering and dancing of peasants were given with irresistible humour. Occasionally a want of delicacy, particularly in the slow movement, was observable; but the robust joyousness of the themes never degenerated into unseemly coarseness. The impression wrought upon the auditors was certainly akin to that experienced when enjoying country life.

Whilst holding imitative music to be in its way a legitimate branch of the art, there is at the same time no need to claim for it any but a subordinate place. Music has other and far higher functions. Instead of limiting its action to objects of sense, it is often found discoursing of things unseen and unknown. Leaving the sport of echoing nature, it engages in the mission of bringing strange, undecipherable messages from some spirit land. Then it seems to have caught the very speech used in such a region that it might pour the rapturous, yet unintelligible accents into the wondering ear of man, raising, thereby, his soul into a state of ardent though transient longing for a bliss that, alas, can never be grasped. Beethoven's muse does this and more. What sympathetic being is there, who has not felt, when under the sway of the magician, that he is nearing a joy that vanishes like a dream? Is this unrealized good, this never-redeemed promise, the

reason why the musician has more than an ordinary share of irritability in his nature? Is this constant and sure awakening to a dull reality that which causes him to be considered more touchy and impracticable than his fellows?

Without disobeying the injunction *De mortuis, &c.*, without any wish to say one unwarrantable word in disparagement of a fine genius, it must nevertheless be averred that Wagner was greatly and unhappily influenced by eccentricity of temperament. This unfortunate disposition was seen in his earliest years, when he began his life-long rebellion against the authority of the elders in art. The usages which they had found convenient, and the rules established thereon, were held by him as unendurable restraints. In taking his own road it is a pity he should have stumbled upon filthy pagan myths for the exhibition of his talents. It is strange he did not see that opera in any form was in a moribund state; and stranger still he altogether failed to recognize that the taste and want of the age called for music unfettered by the stage. Had he gone with, instead of against, the tendencies of his day, he might have produced "absolute" music in abundance, and that of the highest order. But it was not to be. Visitors to the concert room have cause to mourn this misapplication of genius, for but little of Wagner can ever be heard in the most available, if not most appropriate, place. The present writer need not again avow his admiration for the genius of Wagner, whose strains never fail to hold him with a fascination far stronger than the "glittering eye" of any ancient mariner. And he certainly was not alone on Monday night, when almost the entire audience were held spell-bound by the fine performance of the introduction to Act III of *Die Meistersinger*. So continuous was the applause which followed that Herr Richter was forced to violate the would-be dictator's commandment "Thou shalt not encore," by acceding to the demand for repetition. The excerpt from *Die Walküre* was received with equal enthusiasm. What a pity there are so few things of Wagner available for concert programmes! How perverse in Wagner to have chained his Andromeda to a stage paste-board rock, with no Perseus near!

PENCERDD GWFFYN.

HARVEST HOME.

The harvest is past, and the golden store
Safely in-gathered has been once more;
Men's hearts have rejoiced as, with sweet refrain,
They have sung the glad harvest song again.
The harvest is ended—the reaping past—
It is welcome harvest home at last!
But where is the harvest of golden deeds;
Tender caring for others' needs?
Wiping the tears of the lone and sad,
Bidding the sorrowful heart be glad?
While men for the harvest of earth have striven,
Say, has there been garnered the wheat of Heaven?
Oh! blest are the pure in heart, who sow
Such seed as to ripeness and strength shall grow!
Their course shall be tranquil, and pure, and sweet,
And when the last pulses of life shall beat,
The angels of light for the soul shall come,
And sing a triumphant Harvest Home!

Copyright.

SARAH ANN STOWE.

WIESBADEN.—Johannes Brahms' new Symphony, his third, will shortly be performed for the first time in the Kurhaus, he himself conducting. In honour of the occasion, the management of the Kurhaus have determined that the concert shall take the form of a Brahms Festival, at which the programme will comprise only works from his pen.

LEIPZIG.—An International Guitar Club has been founded here for study and cultivation of this half-forgotten instrument. On the 21st ult., the Club gave in the Thalia Rooms a highly successful concert. It has also started an *International Guitar Journal*.—The programme of the second Gewandhaus Concert was thus constituted: Part I. Prelude to *Tristan und Isolde*, Wagner; Concerto for the violin, No. 1, G minor, Max Bruch (performed by Mdlle Teresina Tua); Pianoforte Concerto, F minor, Chopin, (performed by Robert Fischhof from Vienna); Violin pieces: Cavatina, Raff; "Jota Aragonesa," Sarasate (performed by Mdlle Teresina Tua). Part II. Symphony, No. 1, C minor, Johannes Brahms. The concert went off extremely well. Both solo instrumentalists, Mdle Teresina Tua and Herr Fischhof, were loudly applauded.

ST JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
TWENTY-SIXTH SEASON, 1883-84.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE Twenty-one EVENING CONCERTS will take place as follows, viz.:

Monday, November 5, 1883; Monday, November 12; Monday, November 19; Monday, November 26; Monday, December 3; Monday, December 10; Monday, December 17; Monday, January 7, 1884; Monday, January 14; Monday, January 21; Monday, January 28; Monday, February 4; Monday, February 11; Monday, February 18; Monday, February 25; Monday, March 3; Monday, March 10; Monday, March 17; Monday, March 24; Monday, March 31; and Monday, April 7.

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The Twenty MORNING CONCERTS will be given as follows, viz.:

Saturday, November 10, 1883; Saturday, November 17; Saturday, November 24; Saturday, December 1; Saturday, December 8; Saturday, December 15; Saturday, December 22; Saturday, January 12, 1884; Saturday, January 19; Saturday, January 26; Saturday, February 2; Saturday, February 9; Saturday, February 16; Saturday, February 23; Saturday, March 1; Saturday, March 8; Saturday, March 15; Saturday, March 22; Saturday, March 29; and Saturday, April 5.

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THE FIRST CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

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To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Quartet, in C major, Op. 59, No. 3, dedicated to Count Rasoumowsky, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Beethoven)—Mme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti; Songs, "There is dew for the flow'ret," and "Absence" (Cowen)—Miss Santley; Ballade, in G minor, Op. 42, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment (Franz-Néruda)—Mme Norman-Néruda; Barcarolle, in F sharp major, Op. 69 (Chopin), and Wiegand (Hensell), for pianoforte alone—M. Vladimir de Pachmann.

PART II.—Nocturne, for violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment (Lachner)—Signor Piatti; Song, "Oh! had I Jubal's lyre," Joshua (Handel)—Miss Santley; Quintet, in A major, Op. 114, for pianoforte, violin, viola, violoncello, and contrabass (Schubert)—M. Vladimir de Pachmann, Mme Norman-Néruda, MM. Straus, Reynolds, and Piatti.

Accompanist—Signor ROMILI.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 10, 1883.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Quintet, in D major, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello (Mozart)—Mme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Hollander, Zerbin, and Piatti; Songs, "Im Rhein" and "Ich groÙe nicht" (Schumann)—Mr Santley; Rondeau Brillante, Op. 62 (Weber), Nocturne, in F major, Op. 15, No. 1, and Mazurka, Op. 59, No. 2 (Chopin), for pianoforte alone—M. Vladimir de Pachmann; Sonata, in D major, Op. 5, No. 1, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment (Corelli)—Mme Norman-Néruda; Song, "Le nom de Marie" (Gounod)—Mr Santley; Quintet, in E flat, Op. 44, for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violoncello (Schumann)—M. Vladimir de Pachmann, Mme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti.

Accompanist—Mr ZEBBINI.

SOFA STALLS, 7s. 6d. BALCONY, 3s. ADMISSION, 1s.

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At the final examinations for the degree of Mus. Bac. in Cambridge University, fixed for Thursday and Friday, December 6th and 7th, the work appointed for analysis is Mozart's Symphony in C, No. 49 ("Jupiter")—full score.

MDME PATTI left Liverpool for New York in the *S.S. Gallia* last Saturday. The Messrs Gye, Mr E. Hall, and Mr Josiah Pittman were present at her departure.

"SIGNOR ARDITI was always my favourite conductor," said Mme Nilsson to a *New York Herald* "Interviewer." "He was always so genial and patient in rehearsing. I don't think he could say a cross word to an artist; I certainly never heard him."

MR CHARLES LYALL has been at Manchester every night this week playing his favourite parts in *Mignon* and the *Lily of Killarney* with his accustomed talent and success. He has also added to his repertory the *Piper of Hamelin*, his performance in which is still pleasantly remembered at Edinburgh, and other northern cities, and would be equally welcome in London.

DEATHS.

On the 20th of October, at Rochester, Miss SARAH GIBBONS, fifty years voluntary organist of the Parish Church, formerly student at the Royal Academy of Music. Deeply regretted.

On the 26th of October, at Bedford Park, Chiswick, JULIA, second daughter of the late CHARLES HARGITT, of Liverpool, formerly of Edinburgh. R.I.P.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EAVESDROPPER had better employ his time in pursuits more or less congenial with the soubriquet he adopts. So lamentable a failure can hardly be recorded in the history of eavesdropping—a fact for which we can vouch on the testimony of another eavesdropper no more silly than himself. Let an earnest ear be paid to this statement, which is peculiarly of the eavesdropping quality, and which, if Eavesdropper No. 1 can comprehend, it is more than Eavesdropper No. 2 can fairly ask to be explained.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1883.

JOSEPH JOACHIM.

THE often proposed and recently much-discussed engagement of Joseph Joachim for a series of concerts in the United States of America has been at length brought to a satisfactory understanding, on terms highly advantageous to the great Hungarian violinist, more so even than has marked any earlier proposition of the same kind from the American speculators. Joachim, whose *début* is to come off, we believe, at the Academy of Music, New York, will pass some months in America, and thus gratify a perennial longing to hear and judge of his talent on the other side of the Atlantic. We are not authorised to name the terms agreed upon, but, as both parties express complete satisfaction, further particulars are unnecessary.

THE attention of our musical readers' need hardly be called to the fact that the first Popular Concert of the present series is fixed for Monday evening. All particulars of the programme, an excellent one in every respect, will be found in the opposite column. Admirers of M. Vladimir de Pachmann will be glad to find him widening the domain which hitherto he has almost exclusively occupied in this country, by launching forth into other regions, as, for example, Schubert's splendid quintet in A major, which closes the concert on Monday, and on the afternoon concert of next Saturday affording another proof of versatility by aid of Schumann's no less popular quintet in E flat. M. de Pachmann had already wisely ventured on this new path at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere. That everyone will welcome back the charming Moravian violinist, Mme Norman-Néruda, and the incomparable Alfredo Piatti, may be taken for granted, as also the cordial reception sure to be awarded to Messrs Ries, Straus, and Reynolds (double-bass). A more authoritative inauguration of the programme than the Rasoumowsky Quartet in C of Beethoven could scarcely be imagined. The singer is Miss Santley.

BALLAD CONCERTS FOR THE PEOPLE.—Princess Frederica of Hanover and the Baron Von Pawell Rammingen were present at the first ballad concert at the Royal Victoria Hall on Thursday, Nov. 1st. Sir Julius Benedict presided at the pianoforte.

CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 673.)

At last, after waiting several years, *Ali-Baba* saw the light, being brought out at the Opera on the 22nd July, 1833. The principal parts were sustained by the best artists in the theatre: Levasseur (*Ali-Baba*), Adolphe Nourrit (*Nadir*), Dabadie (*Oura-Kan*), Mdle Falcon (*Morgiane*), and Mdme Damoreau (*Délia*). Unfortunately, the book, which in its original form was not one of the best, gained nothing by its transformation, and the result was affected by it, despite the value of the music and the beauties scattered throughout the score—surprising beauties according to Fétis, who thus speaks of Cherubini's work:

"The intention of the two authors was to use all the old score, but Cherubini, contrary to what they expected, kept only a few numbers of it, producing a work almost entirely new, and the original manuscript of which extends to 1,000 pages. It is, in truth, something marvellous that a musician whose first compositions bear the date of 1773, should have been able to write with the spirit of youth, sixty years afterwards, an immense musical work; modify his talent with rare facility, without ceasing to be himself; find fresh and brilliant ideas, when only experience and learning were expected from him; and light upon accents of love and passion in a septuagenarian heart."

For his part, Quicherat, having to speak of *Ali-Baba* in his book on Adolphe Nourrit, thus produces his reminiscences:

"This piece did not obtain all the success it deserved. Several numbers were remarked and applauded, among them being a robbers' march, of distinguished melody and powerful rhythm, and the sleepers' trio, a piece of great delicacy. The work commences with an air of melancholy character and pleasing melody, set off, as was always the case, by distinguished harmony; it was deliciously given by Nourrit. . . . The impression I have retained of the work makes me regret that it did not keep possession of the stage; others which are not worth so much have survived it. It was without doubt the coldness of the book which injured it: among us, the merit of the music is not sufficient to sustain an opera. The work appeared, moreover, under disadvantageous circumstances. When a manager brings out a piece in July, he does not expect much from it. After the fourth performance, a week after the first, Nourrit left for his holidays, and was absent two months. On his return *Ali-Baba* was reproduced, being played and proving attractive for some time longer."

The circumstances mentioned by Quicherat must, indeed, have been fatal to success. When the run of a piece stops at the fourth performance, the piece is lost; and yet the *Revue musicale* stated that the receipts of the fourth performance were more than 9,000 francs, an eloquent sum for the period and the season of the year. But it is certain that the management of the Opera accepted *Ali-Baba* only out of consideration for the musician, whose score, as Halévy pleasantly said, had slept in his desk as many years as there were thieves in the Arabian story which had served to bring it to life again. It is Halévy, also, who corroborates the facts above mentioned, informing us that Cherubini himself reckoned very little on a success, and giving us some very curious details as to his behaviour under the circumstances:—

"Having little confidence," he says, "in a work thus re-modelled, and accepted by M. Véron only from a feeling of respect and deference, he would not expose himself to emotions which he would have supported with impatience. After the last grand rehearsal, he left quietly for Versailles, having, before he started, carefully calculated the duration of the acts and the length of time between them. On the evening of the first performance, as the clock of the Palace of Versailles was striking eight—'Now,' he said, 'they are beginning the overture;' and he looked at his watch from hour to hour—or, rather, from act to act. At five-and-twenty minutes past eleven, *Ali-Baba* was over by his watch, which, he said, went very well, and kept Opera time. He retired to bed, slept thoroughly well, returned to Paris only after having received a reassuring despatch, and never went to see this opera, of which he never spoke again, except to observe: 'It is too old to live long. It was forty when it came into the world.'"

A rather original anecdote is connected with the opera of *Ali-Baba*. It has been told very many times, but incorrectly. I will give it as I know it—that is to say, according to the version of M. Léon Halévy, who had it from his brother, no doubt well informed on the subject, and who was kind enough to communi-

cate it to me in writing. Here is what happened: Cherubini begged Halévy to undertake the task of directing the study of his opera, but, on that account, he did not attend, seated by the side of his favourite pupil, less regularly the rehearsals. At one of the last, a few days before the first performance, Dabadie, who had a very important part, and was attacked by a sudden hoarseness, unfortunately emitted a terribly suspicious note. At this untoward sound, Cherubini started on his chair, and exclaimed, impetuously, in the dry tone usual with him: "That's out of tune!" The reader may imagine the confusion of the poor singer, thus accused before his fellow artists, in presence of the orchestra and all the other persons about. Halévy, touched by his position, went up and tried to console him as well as he could; but Dabadie, greatly agitated, did not disguise from Halévy that he did not know whether he could go on with the rehearsal, and that he should feel greatly relieved if Cherubini would express some regret calculated to extenuate the unfavourable effect produced upon those present and on himself by the roughness and vivacity of the exclamation. Halévy hastened to convey to his old master the expression of a wish so easy to satisfy and in itself so legitimate; Cherubini turned a deaf ear to him; Halévy persisted and pleaded warmly Dabadie's cause, so that, at last, Cherubini, conquered by his entreaties, exclaimed: "Well, then, go and tell him that—that I am not angry with him!"[†]

As happened with several other of Cherubini's works, *Ali-Baba*, on being played in Germany, was much better received there than in France.

"On the 27th February, 1835," says Cherubini in his Diary, "they gave in Berlin, with great success, at the Grand Theatre Royal, in presence of the King and all the court, the first performance of *Ali-Baba*."

And the *Moniteur Universel* mentions the fact in these terms:—

"M. Cherubini's opera of *Ali-Baba* has just achieved in Berlin a brilliant success. It was remarked that the King, who had previously attended the last rehearsal, remained at the first performance till the fall of the curtain, which is altogether contrary to his custom, for he always leaves the theatre about nine o'clock."

We may say of *Ali-Baba* that it was Cherubini's last will and testament as far as concerns the stage, for which he never wrote afterwards. But it was about this period that he took a liking for chamber music, and wrote a certain number of stringed quartets, with which two letters from Baillet have made us acquainted. Herr Ferdinand Hiller, who heard some of these compositions, speaks of them thus:—

"Cherubini's chamber music is not of great importance, but still it is worthy of him, and the first of his quartets for stringed instruments, written at the age of 50, is full of delicacy and piquancy. The *scherzo* has even a touch of Mendelssohn. It was composed in 1810, although not published till very long after the appearance of Mendelssohn's most characteristic works. § When I left Paris in 1836, Cherubini was writing a quintet for stringed instruments, and told me with perfect simplicity that he intended

† This is the pendant of another of Cherubini's typical replies which has become celebrated. They had just rehearsed at the Société des Concerts du Conservatoire a fragment from one of his finest works, and the superb and fiery way in which it was executed caused, as it were, a shudder to run through all who heard it. Cherubini, who was present, alone remained unmoved amid the general enthusiasm, and did not indulge in any of those expressions of thanks, which, under such circumstances every composer feels happy to employ. At last, one of the members of the orchestra, somewhat vexed at his coldness, ventured to say enquiringly: "Well, Master, are you satisfied?" Whereupon Cherubini, without abating a jot his phlegmatic manner, replied in an Olympian tone: "Do I not say nothing?"

‡ "On the 20th March," Cherubini writes, also, in his Diary, "I received a diamond ring which the King of Prussia sent me as a present, in addition to the 100 gold Frederics which I had already received from him on forwarding him the manuscript score of the said opera."

§ There is here a slight error; it was not in 1810, but in 1814, that the first quartet was composed, as proved by Cherubini's Diary: "1814. Quartet for two violins, tenor, and double bass (in E minor)." The second, which dates from 1829, was an arrangement, as stated in this other entry: "1829. New *Adagio* (month of March) to complete my second quartet, composed on the symphony I wrote in London in the months of March and April, 1815." The third quartet, in D, belongs to 1884; the fourth, in E natural, to 1835; the fifth, in F, also to 1835; and the sixth, in A minor, to 1837.

* F. Halévy: *Adolphe Nourrit (Derniers souvenirs et portraits)*, pp. 165, 166.

to write half a dozen more. || When writing to me on the 22nd November, 1837, he said: 'I have just completed my sixth quartet and a quintet. *It occupies and amuses me, for I have not the least pretension in the matter.*' The quintet was executed in his own room, when he was 78, and greatly surprised the artists of Paris."

The impression mentioned by Herr Hiller is corroborated in the following terms by Fétis:

"In the winter of 1838, Cherubini invited to his house a few artists, and had performed for them the quintet he had just finished. They all experienced the liveliest emotion at the work, the author of which was then seventy-eight years old. Even if we grant that this great age was not entirely without influence on the impression produced, it is no less true that everyone perceived in the work a freshness of ideas which, it might have been thought, could scarcely belong to an old man on the brink of the grave. Cherubini's hand trembled when tracing these last emanations of his talent, but his mind had preserved all its clearness and all its vigour."

This was the last at all important manifestation of Cherubini's genius. From this moment, we find nothing to notice in his Catalogue for the year 1837, but a *solfeccio* for the examinations of the pupils of the Conservatory; for 1838, nothing but three other *solfeccios*; and lastly, for 1839, nothing but "an arietta for an album." Then—the Catalogue becomes mute for ever.

(To be continued.)

CONCERTS.

THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The ordinary general meeting of this society was held last week in the hall of the Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi. Mr H. Gover, the chairman of the council, presided. The report and balance-sheet presented were regarded as very satisfactory, and were unanimously adopted. It was stated that the services of Mr Charles Hallé, as conductor, and of Mr W. H. Cummings, as assistant-conductor, had been obtained; that the prospectus for the ensuing season was an attractive one, embracing "a happy mixture" of the works of old and modern composers; and that the efforts of the council during the past year to return to Exeter Hall—the headquarters of the old society, of which the present one is a development—had been unavailing. Votes of thanks to the council, the secretary, the orchestra, and the chairman having been adopted, the meeting terminated.

MRS JOHN MACFARREN, in connection with the Tulse Hill Institute, gave a concert in the commodious Lecture Hall, Streatham Hill, on Tuesday, Oct. 30th, when the members assembled in force to enjoy the musical treat provided. The accomplished pianist, who is well known and appreciated in South London, was cordially welcomed on her appearance and greeted with enthusiasm after her performance of various compositions by Weber, Chopin, Heller, Raff, &c., to each of which she imparted its appropriate charm. Mrs John Macfarren also played Brissac's brilliant fantasia, "Scotia," and repeated it in obedience to the persistent demand of the audience. The vocalists were Miss Banks, Miss Ada Iggulden, Mr Hirwen Jones, and Mr John Henry. Miss Banks, now devoted to teaching, and too rarely heard in public, sang Sir George Macfarren's "The beating of my own heart," Ganz's "Sing, birdie, sing," and a Scotch ballad (encored). Miss Ada Iggulden had to repeat Behrend's popular song, "Daddy," and joined Mr Hirwen Jones in Balfé's duet, "The Sailor Sighs." Mr John Henry was heard in Handel's "Revenge! Timotheus cries," and in a charming new song by Mr George John Bennett, "The child's first grief," accompanied by the composer. The quartet from *Rigoletto*, "Un di, si ben," concluded the concert with spirit. Mrs John Macfarren and Mr G. J. Bennett accompanied the vocal music.

MORLEY HALL (HACKNEY).—A ballad concert was given under the direction of Mr Stedman, on Saturday evening, October 27. The singers were Miss Robertson, Mme Antoinette Sterling, Mr Herbert Reeves, Mr Maybrick, and Mr Stedman's choir of boys. Mr Emile Mahr was the violinist, and Mr Olive King, pianist. Miss Robertson sang Paeiello's air, with variations, "Nel cor più non mi sento," and being requested to repeat it, substituted "Home, sweet Home;" she also gave Diehl's song, "Going to Market," and, with Mr Herbert Reeves and Mr Maybrick, John Barnett's ever-popular trio, "This Magic-wove Scarf." Mme Sterling contributed a new song, by Blumenthal, "The Lost Chord," by Sullivan, and "Darby and Joan," with her usual effect. Mr Herbert Reeves,

|| What proves Cherubini's intention to write several quintets is the entry in the Diary relative to this one: "First quintet, in E minor, began the 30th July (1837), finished the 30th October of the same year."

though suffering from a cold, sang, with taste and expression, a Romance, by Ponchielli, and Dibdin's "Jolly Young Waterman." Mr Maybrick gave "I am a Friar of Orders Grey" (encored), a song from Mr Goring Thomas's *Esmeralda*, and one or two of his own popular compositions. Mr Stedman's choir of boys contributed part-songs, by Rubinstein and Mendelssohn, as well as Henry Smart's trio, "The Coral Caves of Ocean" (encored). Mr E. Mahr played, among other pieces, Ernst's famous Fantasia on Airs from *Otello*; and Mr Olive King, compositions by Chopin, Rubinstein, &c., and also accompanied the vocalists.

PROVINCIAL.

LIVERPOOL (from a correspondent).—Mme Patti's farewell concert, previous to her departure for America, was given, under the auspices of Messrs Harrison, of Birmingham, at the Philharmonic Hall, when all expectations were fulfilled and a crowded audience attracted. Mme Patti sang nothing to which she has not frequently accustomed the English public; and it will suffice to name the "Shadow Song," from *Dinorah*, and the opening cavatina from *Linda di Chamounix*—which one of the Liverpool papers describes as "a piece of vocal gymnastics"—receiving the usual applause in both, and substituting "The Last Rose of Summer" for one of them and "Comin' thro' the rye" for the other. "At this point," says the same Liverpool paper, "Mme Patti was the recipient of an enormous floral trophy, which was with some difficulty (and the assistance of twelve horses) hoisted on to the platform." "This surprise (?) was again"—to cite the authority of our Liverpool contemporary—"prepared by some American and English friends who had been recently enjoying the hospitality of Craig-y-Nos Castle, and a portion of whom accompany her across the Atlantic." To sum up the musical proceedings of the evening, "Home, Sweet Home,"—according, once more, to our Liverpuddlian confrère—proved a faultless specimen of lovely vocalization." Next day the "Diva" embarked on the "Gallia" for New York, many personal friends being assembled to offer her their best wishes. Among these were Messrs Gye, E. Hall, and Josiah Pittman, of the Royal Italian Opera.

EDINBURGH.—What will doubtless prove one of the leading events of our musical season is the visit of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, who will occupy the Theatre Royal during the next fortnight. While the programme for the first week, which began last Monday night, was as interesting as varied, the only real novelty was Mr Goring Thomas's opera, *Esmeralda*, produced on Friday evening. This opera, it will be remembered by musical readers, formed a twin trump card with Mr Mackenzie's *Colomba* during the recent Drury Lane season, and has also met with much success throughout the provincial tour of the company. The opera for the opening night was Beethoven's *Fidelio*, with which the name of Mme Marie Roze-Mapleson has been favourably associated as an exponent of the heroine since the lamented death of Mdle Tietjens. The operas for the remainder of the week were *Mignon*, *Troatore*, *Faust*, and *Carmen*. The opera that has special interest for Edinburgh, *Colomba*, is to be given on Monday evening.

READING.—The recent Church Congress, held at Reading early in the present month, was brought to a brilliant conclusion on the evening of October 5th, when the Mayor, Mr Blackall Simonds, entertained the various dignitaries of the church and many of the best families in Berkshire, being desirous of meeting them at a conversazione. The Mayor, himself an accomplished violinist, provided an excellent orchestra of London musicians for the occasion, which greatly contributed, through the variety of its well-chosen programme, to make the evening memorable to all those who had the good fortune to be present. I never saw such a splendid gathering before at our Town Hall, and never did I see a more liberal and generous provision made for upwards of 2,000 people. The refreshment rooms were bristling with the most delectable things in the shape of eatables and beverages, of which there was actually no end of supply. A very interesting feature of the evening was the first appearance of Mr W. H. Phelps, a young violinist, who is studying with the accomplished Professor, Mr Jacques Rosenthal, at the Royal Berks Academy of Music. He had, according to the programme, only two years' lessons, and considering so short a time for so difficult an instrument, it must be confessed he demeaned himself very creditably indeed. He played a new and charming "Suite" by Léonard consisting of five short numbers, and was introduced to the public by his master, who conducted the orchestra. Mr Phelps was very much applauded after each number, and was called to the platform at the end of the "Suite." His near relationship to the late tragedian invests him with additional interest; and if he continues with equal zeal and perseverance the studies so successfully begun, there is not the slightest doubt that

within reasonable time he will be one of the best English violinists of the day and a credit to our academy and his master, Professor J. Rosenthal. Between the first and second parts some excellent speeches were made by the Bishop of Oxford and others, expressing gratitude to our generous Mayor who provided the entertainment, of which its like has not been given in Reading for many a day.—*From a Correspondent.*

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The students gave a chamber concert at St James's Hall on Friday afternoon, October 26th. We subjoin the programme:—

Anthem, "O sing unto the Lord" (Purcell)—the Choir—solo parts, Miss Kate Hardy, Miss Ada Iggulden, Mr Hulbert L. Fulkerson and Mr Barker; Song (MS.), "If ye love me" (Ernest Kiver, student)—Mr Hulbert L. Fulkerson; Dix-sept Variations Sérieuses, in D minor, Op. 28 (Mendelssohn)—pianoforte, Miss Annie V. Mukle, Lady Goldamid scholar; Serenade (MS.), "Stars of the summer night" (F. Kilvington Hattersley, student)—Miss Leonora Pople; Con moto moderato, in D minor (en forme d'ouverture) (Henry Smart)—organ, Mr H. C. Tonking; Trio, "Queen of the night" (Henry Smart)—Miss Alice Parry, Miss Frances Harrison, Mr Charles Copland; Fantasia, in F sharp minor, Op. 28 (Mendelssohn)—pianoforte, Miss Alice Dyer; Songs (MS.), "The road to Slumberland," and "As Spirits watching from above" (George John Bennett, student)—Miss Kate Winifred Payne, Parepa-Rosa scholar; Andante and Allegro Agitato, from Sonata in G minor, No. 3 (G. A. Macfarren)—pianoforte, Mr C. S. Macpherson, Balfe scholar; Thirteenth Psalm, "O Lord, how long wilt Thou forget me?" (Brahms)—Female Choir; Cantilena, "Perché piangi" (Gounod)—Mr John Henry; Two Sketches (MS.), in F sharp minor and A (Dora Bright, student)—pianoforte, Miss Dora Bright; Song, "Under the lilac tree" (Arthur O'Leary)—Mrs Wilson; Chanson d'amour, Bolero, in E minor (MS.) (German E. Jones, student)—violin, Mr Richardson—pianoforte, Mr Septimus Webbe; Song, "I think of all thou art to me" (Cowen)—Miss Ada Iggulden; Le Leggerella (Moscheles)—pianoforte, Miss Kathleen O'Reilly; Part-song, "Sweet stream" (Sir W. Sterndale Bennett).

Mr William Shakespeare conducted. The hall was crowded.

WAGNER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—Two of the French papers have begun the publication of Wagner's so-called *Autobiography*. This work, which includes the period between 1813 and 1842, was published some years ago by Fritzsche, of Leipzig, under the title *Gesammelte Schriften und Dichtungen*, in nine vols., octavo, to which a tenth volume has since been added. The work is, however, not properly a biography. The first volume is mainly composed of critical and other articles contributed by Wagner in 1840-41 to *The Revue et Gazette Musicale*. The second volume is an interesting study of the various Nibelung legends investigated by Wagner before he wrote the libretto of the Tetralogy. The third volume contains the essays, *Art and Revolution* and *The Art Work of the Future*, both, I believe, translated into English in back numbers of *The Musical World*.* Some of the contents of the subsequent volumes, such as *Opera and Drama*, *Judaism in Music*, the *Art of Conducting*, the essays on the Choral Symphony, the *Eroica*, the works of Spontini, Rossini, and Auber, and other essays and articles have long ago been translated into English. Wagner has also, it is understood, left behind him an autobiographical volume of a private nature, which his widow will probably never give to the world.

[* That is true; besides many others, added to the most important treatise of Wagner—*Oper und Drama*, to say nothing of *Lohengrin*, translated for the first time into the English language by Mr J. V. Bridgman, expressly for the *Musical World*.—D. B.]

PAGANINI.—One of the papers has confided to its readers the important fact that Dr Duncan, of Wimpole Street, has, during a recent visit to Italy, purchased "the secret which explains the magic power of Paganini." This abracadabra sort of article would doubtless be useful to "Paganini Redivivus." The same paper tells us that Dr Duncan has bought a violoncello used by Paganini; that "It is said to be the finest in existence"; and that it is by "Nicholas Amati and Stradivarius." It must indeed be a wonderful instrument.—CHERUBINO (*"London Figaro"*).

DRESDEN.—Mlle Marie Wieck gave a concert, on the 15th ult., for the benefit of the Friedrich Wieck Fund, founded some years since by friends and admirers of the famous pianoforte teacher, in aid of necessitous musical students. Madlle Wieck was supported by Mdme Hofman-Stirl, vocalist; Mdle Schick, pianist; and Herr Julius Klengel, of Leipzig, violoncellist.

JOHN SMITH.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—In the *Dictionary of Music and Musicians* (Macmillan & Co.), under the heading of SMITH, JOHN, it is stated that "about 1826 he assumed the title of Doctor, but it is doubtful if the degree was ever conferred on him, no record of it existing." No such record does exist; but a further search in the minute books of Trinity College, Dublin, has discovered a resolution of the Board, dated July 7, 1827, agreeing to give the degree of Doctor of Music to Mr Smith. No other entry on the subject can be found; but as a resolution similar to that referred to appears to have been the usual way of conferring the degree of Mus.Doc. at Dublin at that time, there seems to be no doubt that Mr Smith was virtually entitled so to style himself. As Editor of the *Dictionary of Music and Musicians* I regret that any doubt should have been cast on the validity of Mr Smith's title.

GEORGE GROVE.

Lower Sydenham, Oct. 26, 1883.

LETTERS OF DICKENS.

(To the Editor of the "Times.")

SIR,—As executrix to the late Mr Charles Dickens, I shall be obliged by your insertion of the following statement. In reference to an article in *The Times* of yesterday, entitled "Unpublished Letters of Dickens," which says that a "Dickens correspondence of great interest has just passed into the hands of Mr J. W. Bouton, the well-known publisher of Broadway, New York," I beg emphatically to say that I have nothing whatever to do with the publication of these letters, or am in any way connected with it. In my capacity as executrix, I denounce the making public in England of this correspondence as an infringement on my rights; and on behalf of every member of Mr Charles Dickens's family, I wish it also to be well known how utterly repugnant to our feelings is the publication of some of these letters.

Mr Ouvry was a very dear friend of the late Mr Charles Dickens. He was a man of the finest tact and delicacy of feeling, and I can only imagine that his ill-health during the years that preceded his sudden death must have prevented him from leaving due instructions as to the disposal of his correspondence.—I am, Sir, yours truly,

GEORGINA HOGARTH.

11, Strathmore Gardens, Kensington.

COPYRIGHT IN TITLES.

Mr G. Goldney-Carey writes in reply to a letter in the *Times*:—"Mr Lewis Morris and his publishers have incurred unnecessary expense and labour in cancelling the printed sheets of *Day and Night*, and discovering a new title never used by any previous writer. As a matter of fact, not only were the titles of the two works so dissimilar as not to mislead the most careless person, but Mr Allingham had not, and could not by any system of registration obtain, any exclusive right to the title of *Day and Night*. The point was expressly decided by the Court of Appeal in the recent case of 'Dicks v. Yates,' in which a claim was set up to the right of exclusive use of the title of *Splendid Misery*. The Court held unanimously that there was no copyright in the title of a book. Mr Morris is therefore at perfect liberty, if he thinks fit, to use his original title, without any fear of liability to Mr Allingham." In reply to the above, "Middle Temple" writes:—"Authors should be warned against accepting the doctrine that because there is no 'copyright' in the title of a work any writer may with impunity borrow the title of another's work. It is well established law that the title of a work is to be regarded as a kind of trade-mark, and that no one will be allowed so to use the title of another's work as to mislead purchasers of ordinary intelligence, the cases deciding this all pointing out that the question has nothing whatever to do with 'copyright.' In the very case of 'Dicks v. Yates,' referred to by Mr Goldney-Carey, Lord Justice James said:—'Where a man sells a work under the name or title of another man or another man's work, that is not an invasion of copyright, it is common law fraud, and can be redressed by ordinary common law remedies, wholly irrespective of any of the conditions or restrictions imposed by the Copyright Acts' (L. R. 18 Chan. Div. 90). Sir George Jessel had previously pointed out the existence of 'a certain amount of confusion in the minds of some council, and, perhaps, of some Judges, between copyright and trade-mark' (*Id.*)."

Mr Barnby's setting of the 97th Psalm, "The Lord is King," has been selected for performance again at Leeds by the Choral Society.

JOACHIM'S SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS.

(From a Correspondent at Berlin.)

Sir,—Your musical readers will, probably, be interested in perusing the subjoined programme of the first "Abonnement-Concert at Berlin, under the direction of Herr Kapellmeister Professor Joachim.

October 12th, 1883.

Königliche Akademie der Künste.

FREITAG DEN 12. OCTOBER 1883

Abends 7½ Uhr

IM SAALE DER SING-AKADEMIE

1. ABONNEMENT-CONCERT

unter Leitung des Herrn Kapellmeisters

PROFESSOR JOACHIM.

PROGRAMM.

1. HAYDN Sinfonie B dur.
Largo, Allegro vivace.
Adagio.
Menuetto (Allegro).
Finale (Presto).
2. MOZART Concert A dur für Violine.
Allegro aperto, Adagio, Allegro aperto.
Adagio.
Tempo di Menuetto, Allegro, Tempo di Menuetto.
HERR PROFESSOR JOACHIM.
3. SCHUMANN Ouverture zu "Genovefa."
4. BEETHOVEN Sinfonie (No. 8). F dur.
Allegro vivace e con brio.
Allegretto scherzando.
Tempo di Menuetto,
Allegro vivace.

Während der Musik bleiben die Thüren geschlossen.

Das zweite Abonnements-Concert unter Mitwirkung von
Frau Clara Schumann findet am
FREITAG DEN 26. OCTOBER 1883 Abends 7½ Uhr statt.

PROGRAMM.

1. MENDELSSOHN Ouverture.
2. BEETHOVEN Concert G dur.
3. BRAHMS Parzengesang.
4. SCHUMANN Sinfonie D moll.

MR IRVING IN NEW YORK.

New York, Sunday, Oct. 28.

Two hundred members of the Lotus Club gave Mr Henry Irving his first public reception here last night, when he was entertained at a banquet presided over by Mr Whitelaw Reid.

In the course of an eloquent speech which the chairman made when giving, as the toast of the evening, "Our guest—Health to Mr Henry Irving, and a hearty welcome," he said: "We know our friendly guest as the man whom a great kindred nation has agreed to accept as its foremost living dramatic representative, and of whom his countrymen declare that, if he were not the chief actor in England, he would be the first manager, for he is both."

The toast having been drunk with great enthusiasm, Mr Irving responded in a very effective address, delivered with great clearness of utterance. He took up with ready wit several points in Mr Reid's remarks, and his sallies were received with shouts of laughter. He continued:

"Coming here amongst you I only had one fear. The Atlantic I was ready to brave, the wind and weather I scorned, I was even prepared to enjoy sea-sickness, but there was one terror I dreaded, it was the interviewer. But I am glad to tell you that the ordeal has been passed, and in fact I have said so much to the interviewer that I have very little left to say to you. I must also tell you that the interviewer, who is a much misrepresented person, seemed to me to be a most courteous gentleman, who had but an amiable curiosity to know

a little about me which he did not know before, and I was very well satisfied to gratify him as much as I could. I had been told he would turn me inside out, would cross-examine me, and then appear against me on the following morning (laughter). But I found nothing of the sort, and if I had any complaints to make against him the comments with which he tempered his suggestions were so flattering and gratifying to me that I forgave him the hints he offered to me."

After a brief review of the progress of dramatic art in these days, and expressing a hope that Miss Ellen Terry and their co-workers would win favour with the American people, Mr Irving brought a very happy address to a close in these words:

"I thank you for the brotherly hand you have extended to me, and if anything could make me feel at home and comfortable and sure of a real good time amongst you, it is the cordiality with which I have been received to-night. The very accents of your cordial greeting, and the kindness of your genial faces, tell me there are in your hearts good, kind, overflowing wishes. Gentlemen, I thank you with all my heart, and feel that there is a bond between us which dates from before to-night."

Mr Joseph Jefferson was amongst the other speakers, and greetings were also received from Mr Booth, Mr Raymond, Judge Davis, and many others.

Monday Night.

Mr Irving was greeted to-night by one of the most brilliant audiences which ever assembled in this city. The theatre was packed in every part. Nearly all the seats were sold a week ago, the average price being about ten dollars—more than seven dollars premium on the box-office rates. The performance was advertised to begin at eight, but long before that hour the streets about the theatre began to fill with people, who stood about to see the audience enter. Soon after half-past seven the carriages began to arrive, and by eight the streets were so full as to be almost impassable. The theatre filled rapidly, and when the curtain rose there was not an inch of available standing room unoccupied. The audience had all the familiar characteristics of a first night assemblage. The leaders of fashion, literature, and art were out in force. The fact that it was also the opera night at the two houses had no effect in diminishing the attendance.

Miss Terry occupied one of the proscenium boxes, attracting universal attention. The other boxes were occupied by Mr Wallack and other eminent actors.

Kleinmichel's opera, *Schloss de l'Orme*, at the Hamburg Stadt-theater, fully confirms, it would seem, the favourable verdict of the first night.

BERLIN.—Manzotti's ballet, *Excelsior*, has been brought out at the Victoria-Theater and received with the applause which has greeted it at every other theatre where it has been given.—The Quartet Evenings under Kotek will be resumed on the 14th inst. Moser's place has been taken by Willy Nicking, so that the members of the Quartet now are Herren Kotek, Exner, Nicking and Dechert. Franz Rummel will take part in the opening concert.—Having consented to undertake the vocal portion of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and of the first act of *Parsifal* at the first Willner Subscription Concert on the 22nd ult., the Carl Riedel Association, from Leipsic, gave a concert on the day previous, in the Garrison Church, the proceeds being devoted to the Pestalozzi Women's Association here, and the Pestalozzi Association, Leipsic. Among the eleven pieces sung, the following may be especially noticed as reflecting exceptional credit on the executants: "Stabat Mater," Josquin de Près; "Weihnachtslied," Johannes Eccard; and Geistlicher Dialog, Albert Becker (16th century). Homeyer played on the organ two pieces by Bach and Kiel; and Brodsky, on the violin, a Ciaconna by J. S. Bach, and an air by Goldmark.—In connection with the establishment of a local Sacred Choir Alliance, a Luther Festival was lately given in the Garrison Church, which was crowded. There was a full religious service with sermon. The musical portion sung by the congregation comprised Luther's hymns: "Nun freut euch, lieben Christen;" "Erhalt uns, Herr, bei deinem Wort;" "Wir glauben all' an einen Gott;" and "Ein feste Burg." The choir, made up of contingents from the Nicolai, Marien, Georgen, Sophien, Petri, Dorotheen, Werder, Dreifaltigkeit, Matthäi, Elisabeth, and Simon Churches, sang Mendelssohn's "Jauchset dem Herrn;" M. Vulpius' "Gelobt sei Gott;" the second verse of "Ein feste Burg," in M. Franck's old setting; A. Neithard's "Sei getreu bis in den Tod;" M. Pretorius' "Heilig;" and J. S. Bach's "Amen." Their volume and quality of tone produced a deep impression.

MUSICAL SKETCHES.

By H. E. D.

No. 6:—THE ITALIAN MINSTREL.

"Why, masters, have your instruments been at Naples, that they speak?
the nose thus?" *Othello* (Act III. sc. 1.)

Music, true music, is at all times sweet,
Whether the heart brims o'er with joy or care;
It soothes the fevered brow with soft conceit
And lends a vital spirit to the air.
O Music! When will bards thy praise have done!
Not till the world is deaf and hearts are stone!
Who hath not heard, with grateful heart and ear,
When straying through the orchards and the meads,
Wafted o'er cornfields and the brooklet clear,
The wanderer's organ or the pastoral reeds!
Or, rising from the studious book he scanned,
Showered blessings on some sweet Teutonic band!
'Twas in the old age of a fruitful year,
Whose locks Autumnus' breath to sear began,
One eve within my garden did appear
An old, infirm Italian organ man.
Weary and sorrowful, travel-stained was he;
The simple smile he wore spoke not of glee,
His face an unclean, pale complexion wore,
With deep, dark eyes, as those of some grim ogre:
His organ on his shoulders strapped he bore,
Like Christian's load, in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."
His shoes the progress of the pilgrim's bunion
But ill-concealed; his person reeked of onion.
The tunes were sweet, and mostly operatic,
And, as the handle fled its rapid round,
Producing music "brilliant" and chromatic,
The air was joyous with the welcome sound.
I bid the minstrel cease and follow me,
Step in the kitchen and partake of tea.
"Here's ale, since you prefer it, stranger good,
And here is bread and meat (though rather bony)!"
Thou too shalt taste thy country's fav'rite food!"
(But, strange to say, he loved not maccaroni!)
A good repeat had he, that weary man,
Which, having done, to speak I thus began.
"O tell me, weary wanderer, tell me true,
Where wert thou born? What is thy native land?
Dost come from 'neath Italia's sky so blue,
Where lemon trees and myrtle groves do stand
And softly breathe their odorous sweets afar?"
He said, (this poor Italian), "Right you are!"
"Then dost thou pine to see thy cherished home!
To call thy native orange and pomegranate,
To view with patriotic love old Rome!"
O say! this pilgrimage, since you began it,
Has it not caused you sorrow and much pain?"
The weary wanderer answered, "Right again!"
Addressing my retainers, I requested
That, as 'twas getting late (and no moonlight),
They'd see the stranger comfortably rested,—
In fact, accommodate him for the night.
Rewarded was I, as you may surmise,
To see the grateful tears shine in his eyes!
O, is it not a truly blessed thing
To have the power to help some fellow man!
And doubly blest the joys kind actions bring,
The joy of doing and the joy which can
Be found in the receiving ('tis no platitude),
The love and trust which come of golden gratitude!
Next day, on rising, strange as it may sound,
Our poor Italian friend had disappeared!
He must at early morning, strolling round,
Have somehow lost his way back,—so we feared!
But stranger still (I don't the man accuse),
We missed a clock, ten spoons, three pairs of shoes!
There's something kind within one's heart that warms
Towards the dark Italian's sunny smiles.
But then, it slightly takes away his charms
To find his fatherland is Seven Dials!
O gentle reader, scorn not this reminder,
Be wary how you treat an organ-grinder!

For if you let your charitable feeling
Obtain the upper hand of your discretion,
You'll only set the vagrant knave a-stealing
And put a premium on his vile profession.
Take pity on his poverty and rags,
And you'll be robbed "as sure as eggs is eggs"!

—o—

DR STAINER'S CANTATA, *ST MARY MAGDALEN*.

On several occasions of late we have invited attention to the doings of choral societies and musical associations situated far away from the heart of town. This has naturally followed upon the augmented efficiency of suburban amateurs and the increasing enterprise with which their operations are carried on. All lovers of music join in congratulation when a society before unknown outside its parish does something to call for more than local report. It is evidence of genuine progress, and of the establishment of another centre whence the influence of the purest and most refining of arts may permeate the huge mass of London. Among such bodies the choir connected with the Bow and Bromley Institute occupied a conspicuous place. Under the intelligent guidance of Mr M'Naught it has reached a high degree of efficiency, and enjoys considerable local support. Its ordinary operations are carried on with spirit, but there are times when a special effort is made, under circumstances that go to show the popularity of the choir. Should, for example, a new and important composition like Gounod's *Redemption* be brought out at a provincial festival, the members and friends of the Bow and Bromley Society form a guarantee fund in order to secure a hearing of the novelty for themselves. On the strength of their fund they engage competent artists and an orchestra, sometimes being first in the metropolitan field with the desired work. On Tuesday night they occupied this honourable position with Dr Stainer's cantata, *St Mary Magdalen*, which was produced at the Gloucester Festival only a few weeks ago. Having regard to all the connected circumstances, such enterprise deserves warm acknowledgment. It is not a mere local thing, unfelt outside a limited neighbourhood. It is rather an example that diffuses influence and encourages emulation on all hands. Dr Stainer's work has so recently been discussed at length in these columns that there is no need to go over the ground again. Our concern lies with a performance deserving, in some respects, of considerable praise, though by no means as perfect as it might have been had the orchestra—most of whose members played in *St Mary Magdalen* at Gloucester—enjoyed the advantage of fuller rehearsal under their present conductor. The accompaniments sadly lacked finish, and sometimes were marked by even greater faults. This, however, is all the adverse criticism we have to offer. The choir knew their work thoroughly, and sang not only with the confidence of knowledge, but so as to prove that, long sure of the letter, they had had time to enter into the spirit of Dr Stainer's music. A better rendering of the choruses no reasonable person in the audience could have desired. The solo vocalists were Miss Mary Davies, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr Lloyd, and Mr King—a strong quartet, familiar with the composer's requirements, and able to meet them as only accomplished artists could. Dr Stainer himself presided at the organ, where he did material service, and, with Mr M'Naught as conductor, the cantata was rendered so to the satisfaction of the audience that again and again prolonged applause checked the steady flow of its music. There could hardly have been a more frank recognition of the many beautiful and effective passages *St Mary Magdalen* contains.—D. T.

Boito's *Mefistofele* will be performed next season at the Teatro San Carlo. Barbacini, tenor, and Maini, bass, are already engaged for it. (But which San Carlo? The *Gazetta Musicale* says: "San Carlo di Napoli;" the *Trovatore*: "San Carlo di Lisbona.")

GENEVA.—The 400th anniversary of Luther's birth will be celebrated here on the 10th inst., by a performance of L. Meinardus' oratorio, *Luther at Worms*. The instrumentalists will be the Town Band under the direction of M. Hugo de Senger. The chorus will number about 250 voices. The solos will be sung by Mme Blonitzky, a soprano of whom report speaks highly; Mme Sillem, contralto; M. Léopold Ketten, tenor; Quirot, baritone, from the Théâtre du Château d'Eau, Paris; and Herr Friedlander, bass, from Frankfurt.—The Concerts of Classical Music, given every winter by the Town Orchestra, will commence on the 17th inst. Among the artists who will appear in the course of the season may be mentioned Mme Montigny-Rémaury, the eminent pianist; M. A. Duvernoy, also a pianist, M. Eugène Ysaye, violinist; Mmes Duvernoy-Viardot, Dyna Beumer, and Blonitzky, as vocalists.

UNA BELLA FESTA.

(From "La Vedetta," Florence, October 6.)

Mercoledì sera verso le 8, lungo la Via Vittorio Emanuele, in mezzo alle tenebre e alla fitta pioggia si vedevano tremolare molti lumi.

Erano i lampioni delle carrozze che trasportavano all'antica villa medicea a Montughi, ora proprietà del commendatore Ernesto Rossi, i componenti il Circolo mandolinisti Margherita. Erano stati gentilmente invitati dall'illustre artista per far sentire a distinti invitati e ai suoi ospiti inglesi, i coniugi signori Beaty-Kingston quello che può fare un'orchestra di strumenti a plectro, dal Mandolino al Liuto, e a pizzico, dalla Chitarra all'Arpa, anche quando i suonatori siano dilettanti e non professionisti, sotto la direzione di un maestro come il signor Carlo Graziani-Walter.

Le sale della villa erano tutte splendidamente illuminate e l'orchestra dopo le presentazioni ai gentilissimi padroni di casa, agli ospiti e agli invitati, prese posto nel portico delle lapidi contiguo al ricco Museo greco-romano.

Il Circolo cominciò con l'inno inglese. Gli invitati si alzarono e strinsero la mano al dotto direttore del *Daily-Telegraph* e alla sua signora. Il signor Beaty-Kingston ringraziò in puro italiano il Circolo e strinse la mano al Direttore.

Tutti i pezzi eseguiti: *Norma—Levar del Sole—Placida Laguna—Africana—Largo*, di *Handel—Faust*, riscosero applausi vivissimi e destarono sorpresa per l'effetto orchestrale e per la perfetta esecuzione.

Il commendatore Rossi e il signor Kingston esternarono in tutti i modi la gradevole loro sorpresa, e dichiararono al colmo della soddisfazione che faranno di tutto perché il Circolo vada l'anno venturo a farsi conoscere a Londra ove non si ha idea di un'orchestra simile, e dove sarebbe assicurato al Circolo Margherita il più gran successo.

Complimentarono il Graziani-Walter come Direttore, compositore e riduttore.

Si noti che il signor Kingston è profondo musicista e pianista di prima forza. Ne ebbero la prova tutti coloro che ieri sera si trovavano a Montughi e che udirono suonare al publicista inglese la *Polonaise* di Chopin, la *Gavotte* di Bach, il *Preislied* nell'opera il *Meistersinger* di Wagner, la *Fuga* di Bach e lo *Sternlied* nell'opera *Tannhäuser* di Wagner.

Interpretazione dei vari stili, sentimento, tocca, espressione e conoscenza meccanica, tutto possiede in sommo grado il signor Kingston. La memoria poi in lui è cosa fenomenale. Ha nella testa tutti gli autori conosciuti.

L'entusiasmo fu indescrivibile.

La festa ebbe il coronamento che meritava.

Vivamente pregato, il padrone di casa declamò come egli solo sa e può fare, il "Cristoforo Colombo" commosse l'uditorio. Vidi alcune signore e non pochi mandolinisti asciugarsi una lacrima.

Col Canto V. dell'Inferno, *Minosse*, fece fremere, e quanti si trovarono presenti confessarono che non avevano mai capito così bene come ieri sera quel canto della *Divina Commedia*, e che da lungo tempo non avevano più provate emozioni vive come in quei venti minuti di declamazione sentita, naturale, vera come l'ingegno superiore dei Rossi.

Un rinfresco fu servito agli invitati.

La conversazione durante il rinfresco fu animatissima e in più lingue. Ne furono l'anima le signore Rossi, Modigliani, Beaty-Kingston e la contessa Zauli-Naldi. I signori Riccardo Nobili e Bruschetti pittori—gli inglesi del Circolo Mandolinisti Margherita—parlarono d'arte nella lingua di Albione coi coniugi Kingston mentre questi conversavano in italiano e in francese con gli altri mandolinisti.

La serata sarà indimenticabile anche per la cortesia squisita della signora Rossi che faceva gli onori di casa col marito, coadiuvati dalla gentile loro figlia e dal genero signor Angiolino Modigliani.

Alle dodici la sfilata delle carrozze riprendeva la via di Firenze.

Il saluto dei Mandolinisti col signor Kingston fu questo:

A rivederci a Londra.

—o—
WAIFS.

Frapolli, the tenor, is at present in Milan.

David Popper, the violoncellist, is making a tour.

Manzotti's ballet, *Excelsior*, has proved a decided hit in Buenos Ayres.

A work by M. Hippeau, entitled *Berlioz intime*, has just appeared in Paris.

Paolo Maggi's buffo opera. *L'Oratore da Caffè*, has been well received in Varese.

Prince George of Prussia will shortly marry a fair young artist, a niece of Meyerbeer's.

Joseffy returned on the 17th ult. to New York from his summer resort at Darien, Conn.

A new Theatre is being erected in La Plata, the future capital of the Argentine Republic.

Mdlle Tremelli is expected shortly in Paris, where she is engaged at the new Italian Opera.

A. Rubinstein's oratorio, *Das verlorene Paradies*, is to be performed this month in Cassel.

The autumn season at the Teatro Costanzi, Rome, is to commence on the 5th inst. with *Dinorah*.

A new buffo opera, *Le Campanie de Manfredonia*, has been brought out at the Teatro Mercadante, Naples.

Ondricek, the violinist, with Mdlle von Weber as vocalist, has given two successful concerts in Prague.

Nanon, a new buffo opera by Richard Genée, will be the next novelty at the Walhalla-Theater, Berlin.

Mr Mapleson was serenaded on the 15th ult. by the members of the Musical Protective Union, New York.

Jules de Swert's opera, *Der Graf von Hammerstein*, is accepted in Weimar, Darmstadt, Mayence and Magdeburgh.

Dos Excentricos is the title of a lyric trifle, music by Angelo Rubio, produced at the Teatro de Eslava, Madrid.

On its re-opening, after extensive alterations, the Theatre Royal, Stuttgart, will be lighted for the first time by electricity.

Lamponi, basso, has been condemned in Milan to fourteen months' imprisonment for stabbing another basso named Bavagnoli.

The first opera of the season at the Teatro Argentina, Rome, will, probably, be *Mignon*, to be followed by Halévy's *Val d'Andorre*.

Franz Liszt will shortly publish, in three thick volumes, his long-expected *Clavierschule*, a work on which he has busied himself all his life.

Max Bruch has accepted an invitation from the Moscow Philharmonic Society to take part in their concerts on the 4th and 11th December.

A new comic opera, *Chez les Turcs*, music by Honoré Bellevier, musical director at the Cathedral, Nîmes, has been successfully produced in Sommers (South of France).

A new opera, *Der Pomposaner*, text and music by Herr Max Leythäuser, of Würzburg, will be produced some time during the present month, at the Stadttheater there.

Luther in Erfurt, oratorio by Bernhard Schick, was performed for the first time, under the personal direction of the composer, on the 24th ult., in the Cordeliers' Church of the town mentioned.

Messrs Novello, Ewer & Co. have purchased all the rights in Sir Michael Costa's arrangement of "God Save the Queen." It will shortly be published both in full score and orchestral parts.

Giovanni Guicciardi, the once popular singer and subsequently professor of singing at the School of Music, Regio (Emilia), in which town he was born in 1819, died, on the 25th ult., in San Polo d'Enza.

Having resigned the conductorship of the Municipal Orchestra, Milan, Platania has returned to Palermo and resumed the direction of the Musical Institute there, a post he held for more than twenty years.

Max Bruch, who took up his permanent residence in Breslau on the 14th September, conducted the first concert of the Breslau Orchestral Association on the 16th, and met with a genial welcome.

At the last Subscription Concert of the Ducal Orchestra, Dessau, Radecke's F major Symphony was most favourably received, and the composer himself, who attended the performance, loudly applauded.

Madlle Lucie Palicot, a fair Alsatian, who lately produced a most favourable impression by her performance on the pedal-piano, at the Pleyel-Wolff Rooms, Paris, is making a concert tour in Belgium and Holland, and will, probably, visit Germany as well.

Gounod's *Redemption* is to be given at Vienna, on the 4th inst., for the benefit of the "Pensions Institut" of the Royal Operahouse. All the principal singers, as well as the chorus and orchestra, of that celebrated theatre will take part in the performance, under the conductorship of Herr I. N. Fuchs.

Mdme Frances Brooke, Miss Henden Warde, Mr John Cross, and Mr Joseph Lynde have been singing with great success during the past fortnight at Sunderland, Newcastle, South Shields, Gateshead, Middlesborough, and other places in the North of England, and are re-engaged for a lengthened tour in December.

Amongst other artists engaged this season for the concerts of the Imperial Russian Musical Society, Moscow, which were to commence

on the 22nd ult., are Eugène d'Albert, Wilhelmj, Teresina Tua, Barcewicz, Aner, de Swert, Popper, Brandukoff, Grünfeld, Ziloti, Flora Friedenthal, and Mme Stepanoff.

Mr H. VICKERS, of the Strand, has brought out the fourth volume of the *Musical Circle*, a work containing seventy pieces of copyright and standard vocal and instrumental music, at the low price of one shilling. Among the vocal music will be found "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms," "Hearts of Oak," "O say not woman's heart is bought," "The Vicar of Bray," and other well-known songs. Among the instrumental pieces there are arrangements, by Michael Watson and others, of themes by Handel, Beethoven, Méhul, and Auber, as well as dance-music by various composers, and compositions for the harmonium, violin, and concertina.

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Published by WILLIAM DURCAN DAVISON, at the Office, 244, Regent Street, Saturday, November 3, 1883.